

Halo: Story of Sgt Robinson

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Summary: Staff Sgt. Robinson was renowned at the end of the covenant war for bravery, kindness, and fighting. Read his tale before he became a great human legend. Rated M for safety Plz R&R

Halo: Story of Sgt Robinson

****Disclaimer: ****I don't own any halo or halo 2 stuff. All made by Bungie and Microsoft Game Studios

Chapter 1****

I stood dumbstruck as the blue balls of destruction rained from the sky. The ancient city was now in ruin. I was standing behind the doorway of some old cathedral. The Covenant was everywhere. I couldn't think straight with all the men dying in the back round. All I had was 2xS Pistol (2 times scope) and an assault rifle. I only had six rounds for the Pistol and thirty for the rifle. How the Hell was I, a private in the UNSC army, going to survive. We were told not to expect drop ships so evacuation was not likely. The only thing I thought about doing was lying down and pretend I was dead. Well, I'll have to save that story for later, for you to truly understand my ordeal you must hear it from the start . . . on Reach.

(The alarm goes off)

"Damn, I should go and shoot the thing." I slowly sat up to the edge of the bed.

"Private Robinson!" Said Sgt. Charles Williams while banging on my door. "Get your sorry ass out of bed and meet the 82nd Airborne in the airfield. NOW! You don't want to be late."

"Yes sir." But I really thought asshole.

I got dressed and went out to the airfield. I sat in one of the debriefing rooms waiting for Sgt. Williams to speak. I sat in the

back. He stood there looking at the hundred G.I.'s standing before him(General Infantry).

"Privates, Lts, Sgts, and all army personel. We ahve report that Reach will be hit in 2200 hours. We have loaded the Mac Cannons, sent out the pilots, and secured the Power Plants. Now it's your turn to act. You will be stationed at outer Reach Station Lockout. You will defend that station with your lives. If you die and the station blows, no one will remember you. There gonna try to take our Mac Cannons offline by destroying the Power Plants. As you know there are 50 Power Plants controling Reaches Defenses. You must keep those slimy little bastards out off Reach. Stop them at all cost. Any Questions? Good. You are all dismissed. Except you Robinson. I want to have a word with you."

They all looked at me smirking. They were all talking about me under there breath. They knew I was trouble. Hell, I knew I was trouble. When they all left a tall, Mexican man wearing a blue uniform walked in and stood next to the Sgt.

"This man here is Major Ricco. He fought in the many battles during the sieges of the inner colonies. We have looked upon your record and found that you have been taught how to fly a F-256 Sparrow. Is this correct?"

I stoos there deciding whether or not to lie to them or tell the truth. I don't know what there getting at but it was kinda scary.

"Correct Sgt."

"But you have not recieved UNSC Piloting training. So where did you learn to fly?"

"My father taught me." I answered.

"Yes that's what we thought after looking over Lt. Colonel Robinson's record. We want you in an extreme emergency as if Station 013 is overrun or about to explode, pilot a dropship with as many men as you can find out back toward Reach's nearest command center. Can you do this for us?"

I thought long and hard. Well not really long but it sure felt long. I will have to fight, and save, and pilot a dropship to a coomad center. That seemed like a lot of work. Especially since lives were in my hands. It did however give me a chance to prove myself to the guys and Sgt. Maybe I cold even get a promotion.

"You got yourself a pilot," I said. "but if I pilot, would I be in the army or the Airforce?"

"The airforce son." Replied the Major Ricco. "Instead of Private Robinson, you are now Staff Sgt. of the UNSC Airforce. Congradulations. That's all. You are dismissed."

"Thank you Sgt, Major." And I walked out of the room smiling for once.

"What did they yell at you again crap-bag Robinson." Said Lt. Rays. Evenone chuckled. It wasn't funny everyone just hated me and laughed.

The joke I thought was really stupid. Crap-bag? Come on.

"You must have stayed up all night thinking of that one didn't you, Cracker Jack Rays."

"What is that a racial joke. Well incase you haven't noticed. I'm Puerto Rican Jackass."

"Your about as much Puerto Rican as how many Elites dance to Disco." There were some O's and Burnes in the backs, but I was concentrating on Rays."

"Isn't that cleaver. Your now smarter then a MotherCow you sack of crap." Now no one calls me a Mother nothin. That was it. I cocked my arm back a hit him sqaure in the nose.

"You motherfucker. You broke my noise!" I'm not sure if it's broken, but it was bleeding pretty badly.

"My bad. Myfist slipped."

"Just like this." He was about to hit me when theSgt came out.

"What inGod's name is going on out here? Staff Sgt. Robinson get back to your room immediately.

"Yes sir." I mumbled. As I was walking back to my room I heard Rays say, "Staff what. What the fuck man. I thoughthe was apart of the fucking army?" I was personily pleased with myself. That bastardwill be fighting with a broken nose tommorrow. I went back to my small room and my roommate was there. He wasMaster Sgt. Moulds. He was recently promoted for helping outrookies inbasic training. He was sleeping and it looked like he got wasted. I looked at the clock and it was 11:00 clock am. My roommate has a drinking problem, but it's been getting better. Now he onlydrinkes once a week. Before it was like once a day.

I lied back down because I workednight watches. I woke to my roommate shoving me on the shoulder.

"Hey, Robinson. Time forour watch." He whispered. I looked at the clock and it was 9 already.

"Alright. Let me go to my locker and grab my stuff."

"Ok. Get me a coke while your there will ya?"

"Ya sure." Pop was his beer substitute. Pop wasn't exactly health either, but it was beter then beer.

I got up and went to my locker. I grabbed my assualt rifleand pistol. I stoppedby the coke machine and bought a coke. I went outside and walked to the watchtower. There at the top was Moulds, who's first name was Matt.

"Matt. I got yourcoke."

"Thanks man." We both just satthere for a while. I was watching the bast operations and he was looking at the stars. We were preparing for the upcoming battle. One which none of us knew if we would

survive. Even Scruffy the janitor who claimed he was psychic didn't know.

"Hey. What do you think the covenant look like?"

"My father told me stories about them. There are different types of Covenant. Grunts, Elites, Hunters, Jackels. All very different from eachother."

"Well what do they look like?"

"Grunts are small and have a big thing on there back. Elites are usually blue but depending on rank there colors change. Their mouths separate, they're tall and skinny, and are tough to kill. Jackels are kinda small and are scary looking. They have shields too. My father never saw a Hunter. He said they're the strongest of the covenant and there are few of them and they're only used for special operations. I bet we'll be seeing them soon."

"I hope not." He said. The rest of the night we didn't say a word. He kept gazing at the stars and I thought about tomorrow. I was gonna see the Covenant first hand. I was hoping we would see Earth after the great battle. I fell asleep on my watch and I did not wake til sunrise.

"**First of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself - nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance." Franklin D. Roosevelt**

Thanks for reading I hope you liked it. Plz R&R. If you know the story of Reach you know how the battles gonna end, but that doesn't mean you don't have to read Ch. 2 (which should be up by August 18th) Otherwise hold on to your seats cause next chapter the Battle of Reach Begins!

End
file.